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FLITTING DAY.

OUR readers will perhaps recollect something of a former article in the Journal, in which we treated of the subject of removals—that is to say, the practice so general in Scotland (though otherwise in England) of shifting almost every year from one house to another, in a constant expectation of finding the *TO KALON*, as the Greeks call it, or, as we shall rather style it, the *QUITE THE THING* of house accommodation, which, however, is discovered at one year's end to be exactly as remote as it was a twelve-month before, and still, like general happiness, is "on before"—far looming over the horizon, like a vessel bound for some distant part of the globe, and not to be caught or overtaken, let us speed after it as we may. We have heard various individuals acknowledge that there were some good *home truths* in that article, though we rather believe the housewives in general were surprised at our blindness to the beauties of a good back-green. Let that be as it may, there was one thing in which that article was totally deficient—to wit, an account of the particular horrors of *removing day* itself, or, as we in Scotland call it, *flitting day*—a day styled in the calendar Whitsunday, and dedicated to we don't know what sacred use, but which, without regard to its sacred use, whatever that may be, we think men might wish that, above all others, it were fairly blotted out of the calendar—expunged from the very year itself—utterly annihilated and forgotten, because of the unhappy secular use to which it has been put from time immemorial. The 25th of May, or Whitsunday, old style, is indeed a day of peculiar agony amongst us. It is a day consecrated to the disruption of all local ties, to the rending of every kind of pleasant association, to the discomfiture of all the household gods. The very week in which it occurs is black with its atmosphere of pain.

It may be surprising to persons unacquainted with Scotland, that the people should be so fond of removing, since the day on which that event takes place is apt to be so very disagreeable. They might as well wonder that people should ever marry, when they know so very well that the charge of a family is apt to be burdensome. Candlemas day, on which people take their houses, is a day of heedless joy, a day of fond and delirious anticipation; and Whitsunday is to it what execution-day is to the particular time when an unfortunate man was tempted to enrich himself at some other body's expense. On Wednesday I killed my wife, on Saturday I was hanged, as the child's rhyme goes: no one can doubt that Wednesday was in this case a very pleasant day, whatever might be the state of the honest man's feelings at the end of the week. So it is with Candlemas and Whitsunday. On the former of these days we are actuated by a spirit of spite and dissatisfaction with our present abode; it is every thing that is disagreeable, and we must at all hazards get quit of it. Accordingly, the taking of another, and, as we think, better habitation, naturally appears as the opening of a haven of relief, and, of course, we have a great deal of either positive or negative pleasure in the day. Nor is this satisfaction confined to the day on which the new house is leased: it extends up to the very commencement of that week of suffering which involves Whitsunday—up to the first material disarrangement of furniture preparatory to removal. During the time which elapses between the leasing of the new habitation and our removal to it, we abandon all care for our present abode. Any thing that goes wrong about it must just remain so. If a lock were required for

the door, we would scarcely put ourselves to the trouble of getting it, but remain content with some provisional system of security, such as putting a table behind it. A large piece of plaster might fall down from the ceiling, or half of the floor of the dining-room sink into the kitchen—a whole gable or side wall, almost, might fall away, but we would never think of troubling ourselves with any attempt at repairs. It is a horrid house at any rate, and, for all the time we are to be in it, it does not matter. We'll soon be getting into our nice new house, and I'll warrant you no plaster will fall down from the ceiling there, nor either floor or gable give way. Every thing will be right when we get to — Street. The house, under this system of feeling, begins to wear a desolate look. Every thing is permitted, according to the old Scottish phrase, just to hang as it grows. The whole bonds of household discipline are relaxed. The servants, who are to be changed too, perhaps, as well as the house, begin to do things *any way*, and yet the mistress hardly chides them. The fact is, she has given up all idea of comfort in the condemned house, and lives entirely on the hope of seeing every thing trig in her new abode. She would make no great complaint, as we verily believe, if the servants obliged her by their carelessness to spend all the remaining part of the lease up to her knees in water. Every thing will be right when we get to — Street, so we'll just put up with it. Every now and then one of the children comes in, like the messengers in Macbeth, to tell her of the progress of mischief. One has to mention, that a boy throwing stones has just broken two panes in the drawing-room window, the lower chess having been up at the time. No matter; all will be right when we get to — Street. Another "cream-faced loon" rushes in to say, that the girls in the kitchen have just broken down the grate, and snapped the poker in two. No matter; all will be right when we get to — Street. Nay, it is not too much to suppose that, although she were told of the house having just begun to sink into the earth, she would take it all with the most philosophic coolness, and console herself for every present mishap by a reference to the joys which are to be experienced in that home of promise. The prospect of a removal, it will be observed, is thus enough even to revolutionise human nature. People abandon their most cherished objects of care, and disregard that of which they are in general most solicitous, under the influence of this prospect. Like the pilgrim of Bunyan (not to speak it profanely), they thrust their fingers in their ears, in order to shut out all lateral subjects of thought, and rush on—on—on towards the new house.

At last the throes of actual removal begin to be felt, and, for the time, all happy anticipation is deadened within us. You have long ago ascertained, by a ceremonious call upon the present tenants of your new mansion, that they cannot remove an hour before Whitsunday at noon, which gives you the comfortable assurance that your flitting will be, like a sharp fever, soon over. The lady who is coming to your house, soon after makes a ceremonious call upon you, and ascertains, of course, that you can only remove at that hour also. If matters should happen otherwise—if you are either going to a house altogether new, or to one which can be vacated a short while before the term-day, then what a convenience it is! we shall have the painters in, and get it all put to rights before we flit a single stick; and after it is all right, we shall move quite at our leisure. By this plan we shall not only avoid the risk of breaking things, which is always the case in a hurried flitting, but we

shall get porters and carters a great deal cheaper, for these fellows, you know, charge three wages on the actual term day, when every body is flitting. But if it should happen, as above mentioned, that you are limited to a few hours, so that your furniture, as it goes out, will meet the furniture of another person coming in, and, as it goes in, will meet, in tug of war, that of another person coming out, then the blessed anticipation of your future comforts in "that nice house" reconciles you to every thing, and you make yourself think that, after all, it is better, when one is flitting, to have it all over in the shortest possible space of time.

Sometimes, even when you have a vantage space, you are strangely jockeyed out of it before you are aware. Say the house is to be painted before you go into it. Being quite at your ease, you are satisfied that the painters are engaged about two months before the term. You know very well that these men are the greatest of all rascals; that, indeed, they have no other principle within them but just to put people to as much trouble as possible. But two months! that must surely be sufficient. Well, the painters come all this time before the term, and, like the ancient Spanish navigators, take possession of a newly discovered country, mark the job for their own, by planting a nasty pail in one room, and setting up a brush on end against the wall in another. You look in about a week after, and see the pail and the brush *in statu quo*: the fellows have as yet done nothing but taken *seisin*. You think this is not just quite right, and, calling in a cool easy way at the master's as you go home, express your wish that the job should be immediately proceeded with, being anxious to get into the house as long before the term as possible. The painter is all politeness, and promises to *put men upon the house* next morning, so that it will be got ready for your reception in *no time*—by which he appears to mean a space of time so brief as not to be worth defining, but which you eventually find to have signified that the job would be finished *not at all in time*. As you come home to your dinner next afternoon, you take a turn that way to see how "the men" are getting on. The house is as empty and desolate as ever; but, from a change in the relative situations of the pail and the brush, you see that they *have been* there. On inspecting things more minutely, you find that one bed-room has been washed down, and is now, to use a kitchen phrase, *swimming*. Well, this is a beginning, you think. The men have been doing what they could to-day, and to-morrow they would be a good way advanced. On this supposition, you take no more thought about the house for three or four days more, when, dropping in as before, you have the satisfaction of seeing that there is *another pail*, and that the ceiling of the dining-room has been whitewashed. Still, dilatory as the rascals evidently are, you hardly think there is a sufficient *casus faderis*, or breach of treaty, to entitle you to go and blow up the polite man at headquarters. You suffer for another day, and then dropping in again, you find a little Flibbertigibbet of a boy exerting himself with his tiny arms to whitewash the ceiling of the parlour. Well, my boy, where are "the men?" This is your question; but for answer you only learn that there have never been any men in the matter—nobody has ever been here but Flibbertigibbet himself. You feel, at this intelligence, almost as much bewildered and obfuscated as George the Second was when he asked an Irish sergeant at a review, after the seven years' war, where was the — regiment? and was answered, "Please your Majesty, I 'ae the — regiment," the Hibernian being in reality

* A ceremony in the law of Scotland by which a man becomes invested with a piece of land or house property.

the only man that had survived the last campaign. Is this the man, you say to yourself, that Mr — promised to put upon the house? You go of course instantly, and Mr — being, by his own good fortune, from home, you leave a note for him, expressed in such terms as you are sure must bring him to his senses, if any thing will. Dropping in next day to see the effect, your ire is soothed at finding three men at work besides Flibbertigibbet, and every thing seems going on so well that you trouble them no more for a week. But it is needless to pursue this painful theme any farther. Suffice it to say, that, having once got these artists into the house, you feel by and bye as if they were never again to be got out; you fear that, contrary to the catastrophe of the well known jest, there will be no letting go the painter. Their pallets, and buckets, and brushes, and all their slopery, are just as rife in the house a week before the term as they were a month earlier; and still to every remonstrance Mr — replies, that all he can do is to put on more men next Monday morning. It is all you can do, perhaps, to get the odious varlets trundled out, "pots and all," on the very day before you are compelled to remove; so that, instead of having ample scope and verge enough, as you expected, you find that you will be just as much hurried and flurried as if you had been going to a house not previously vacated.

Well, whatever be the foregoing circumstances, flitting day at last arrives in all its horrors. The lady of the household has for several days been storing all kinds of small things bye into drawers and boxes, that they might the more safely be transported, so that the family finds itself already deprived of the half of those things which are necessary to comfort, and the whole of what minister to luxury. Your shaving box is amissing two mornings before flitting day, and has to be fished up, like a "drowned honour," from the bottom of some abyss of well-regarded trifles. When you come home to dinner on flitting-day-even, it is any money for a boot-jack. You take your meals that evening without table-cloths; and unless you can bring down your proud stomach to a brown kitchen bowl, anything like a comforting drink is out of the question. The crepuscular anguish of the day is already felt. You go to your bed that night off an uncarpeted floor, and in the midst of all kinds of tubs covered up with pack sheet, and looking-glasses swaddled up in linen. If you get a night-cap, you may consider yourself lucky above all mortal men. You go to bed; but sleep there is none, for you have to rise next morning long before the usual hour, and the anticipatory sense of what you have to go through that day fills every nook and cranny of your mind. You awake to a rush of children and servants on the stairs; and though you exert every nerve of your memory to recollect the new geography of things in the room, it is ten to one but you stumble over some tub or chest in the dark, where you thought no tub should be; and upon the whole, the feeling with which you thrust your poor cold distressed shanks into your vestments is not much short of that which must possess a man about to walk to the scaffold. A breakfast composed of every thing but the proper materials, and taken out of every thing but the proper vessels, collects such a group of shabby slatternly figures as you did not before think yourself husband, or father, or master to. The meal is gulped in agonies of haste, for the carts were to be at the door at seven exactly, and it is now within a few minutes of the hour. Well, the carts come; one by one are your household goods displaced and packed up on those vehicles. Grates are placed on the breadth of their backs at the bottom, by way of ballast. Then mattresses go over them, to make an agreeable flooring for other things. Tables are tumbled a-top, with their legs reared high in the air, like cart-horses enjoying themselves in their Sunday pastures; and to the ropes with which the heaps are bound down, are attached fry-pans, children's toys, and other light articles, all by way of garnishing. Though far above such things in general, you are obliged on this occasion to see after very mean details, lest your property should suffer some dreadful damage. The more delicate articles are necessarily intrusted to porters or other serviceable individuals, who carry them separately to your new house. "The boys," glad to escape the school for a day, are employed, to their great satisfaction, in transporting single things "which don't break;" and the servants see after certain baskets of crystal and crockery "which do." To see all things properly disposed off—each to the individual best fitted for it—is your business, and no easy one it is. At length, after every thing is fairly packed off, the lady and yourself walk away together, the cat following in a pillow-slip under the charge of your second eldest daughter.

Before three in the afternoon, the whole of your furniture, broken and whole, has been thrust, nigglety-pigglety, into your new house, where you find all things in the most chaotic state of confusion. Kitchen things repose in the dining-room; drawing-room chairs are deposited in the kitchen; and a huge chest of drawers stands in the vestibule, with a shoulder thrust so far out into the fair way as to render it almost impossible to pass. The kitchen grate is only to be built in after six o'clock in the evening, when the masons are released from their day's work; so there is no possibility of cooking any thing. A provisional arrangement is therefore made on this point. You, and your wife, and your children, and all your assistants, bivouack in some shabby parlour, and regale yourselves (*absit elegantia*)

with rolls and porter. Henry, your eldest son, who has wrought like a Turk all day, leads the feast with his coat off, and the scene can only be compared to a rough-and-tumbling in the back woods of America. No ceremony as to knives. Rolls, and even large loaves, are torn through the middle, and large mouthfuls dug out from the mass by the thumb or fore-finger. The liquor goes round in some ordinary vessel, never before appropriated to such a purpose, and all feeling of discomfort being stolen away by the novelty and strong natural feeling of the occasion, the jest and laugh abound. Even in the midst of all the disarray, great hopes and expectations are expressed regarding the new mansion. Such capital high ceilings! Such a broad elegant lobby! So different from that dismal hole we have left! Or, if the ceilings are low and the lobby narrow, while in the former house they were the reverse, the contrast is drawn in reference to some other point, where superiority is indisputable, while the demerits of the new abode are cast discreetly into shade, only to be brought out and complained of at the approach of next Candlemas. You either have left a good view from the windows, or you are entering upon one. Suppose your former house, being in the centre of the town, had hardly any view, then your wife thus comments upon it:—"Such a dark confined place! Nothing to be seen from the windows but the opposite houses, or else the chimney-stalks and old trees. Now, here we are quite in the country. The drawing-room commands Fife and North Berwick Law, and even from the bed-rooms we catch a great lump of the Dalmahoy hills. If we just step to the end of the house, we are into the fields; and then we'll be so very quiet here, compared with what we were. Not a carriage or a cart passing from morning till night. We'll get some rest at last; and truth to tell, my health is in great need of it. How truly delightful thus to get fairly out of that black, smoky, noisy town, to a place where we can enjoy all the pleasures of the country, and yet be within reach of every convenience of the city! And just consider how much benefit the walk must be to your own health. We formerly lived so near your place of business, that you got no exercise at all, seeing that I never could prevail upon you to take a walk on purpose. But here you must walk, and the good it must do you will be visible in a week's time."—&c. &c. &c. If the case has been totally the reverse, you are addressed as follows:—"How delightful to get fairly away from that cold, out-of-the-world, dull place, and once more feel ourselves snug in the town! We've no prospects here from the windows; but, 'deed, when folk have prospects, I never see that they make much use of them. For my part, I never looked out of the drawing-room windows once in the month; for what are the Fife hills or North Berwick Law after one has once seen them? [What philosophy we have here!] And then, what good did we get from the garden? It was just a flash to keep right; and I'm sure, when we had paid the gardener, we did not make a penny off the vegetables. Now, here, although there be little prospect from any of the windows, we're at least a great deal better protected from the wind. If we have not a garden of our own, have we not the green market almost at the door? And such a weary distance you had to walk every day! No more of that now. Here, when you want a walk, you can take one; and when you don't like, you can let it alone. Walks are very well, perhaps, in good summer weather; but I've no idea of seeing you plash through a long dirty road twice every day through the whole winter. Whenever we want either a walk or a prospect, we'll get it in the Queen Street gardens; for you know Mrs — has told me that we may have her key whenever we like. In our old ill-contrived house we had no place to put anything off our hand; not so much as a cupboard in the whole house; but now, you see, we have as many presses as rooms, and a capital cellar for coals and lumber. And how near we are here to all the best shops! If it were for nothing but the convenience of getting tea-bread at a minute's warning from Mr Littlejohn, the baker's, whenever any person calls upon us in the evening, it would have been worth while to remove to this house. The lass likewise tells me that there is a very obliging woman, quite at hand, who keeps a mangle for the use of the neighbourhood, which will be a great convenience to the family; and that she will take in hand to supply us with milk or cream at any hour of the day."—&c. &c. Thus, it will be observed, neither the spirit of discontent nor the spirit of hope is ever without material for feeding its particular necessities.

You have now got fairly into your new house, bag and baggage. It is after the manner, however, of a certain pound of comfits which a carrier once brought from a city confectioner to a country customer. The paper bag having proved insufficient in the journey, the contents had dispersed themselves throughout all the other packages in the cart. Every parcel, and bag, and box, had to be shaken clear of the lurking carry, till the whole of the bulky articles having been discharged and laid off, the little white particles were found at the bottom mingled with straws, fragments of rope, and paper, and all other kinds of trash. The whole having been swept out, however, the honest old carrier brought them to the owner in a large platter, saying, with the air of a man who has relieved his conscience of some uncommon weight, "Here they are, mistress; ye hae them a' for me." Just like the comfits are all your goods and chattels—your ox, and your ass, and your children, and your every thing else—the whole are there; but in such a state! Perhaps, to add to your distresses, you have to delay putting the principal rooms to rights till the painters have to be with you. This, of course, adjourns the termination of your agonies *sine die*. Perhaps, about three months after, when you have battled the rascals out of one room into another, much after the manner of the siege of St Sebastian, you get at last into the enviable attitude, "as you were," resolving of course never again to remove as long as you live, but still as ready before next 2d of February to take that step as ever.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

FIRST ARTICLE.—INTRODUCTORY.

In the present number of the Journal, a new, and, it is hoped, a most agreeable feature of the work, is developed. Encouraged by the favourable manner in which the papers entitled "Popular Information on Literature" have been received, the Editor now offers the first of a series of articles on scientific subjects, which will be treated in the same humble and unpretending style, and be thereby adapted to the capacities and the tastes of even the most unlearned of his readers. In this age of intellectual excitement, innumerable means have been devised for the purpose of diffusing the blessings of education throughout all classes of society; and schools of art have been judiciously instituted, and popular lectures delivered, with the view of communicating, in the most easy and familiar manner, those principles of science which explain the different phenomena of nature, and the process of art by which we can supply the wants and the luxuries of life. But so advantageous an opportunity as this widely disseminated paper offers, of opening the treasures of scientific knowledge to the people at large, never before occurred. Henceforward, therefore, the Journal will at intervals bring home to every fireside in the kingdom a portion of that species of information which has hitherto been confined to schools and lecture rooms, or published in an expensive and too elaborate form for general use. A perfect simplicity of diction will be a guiding rule in the composition of these articles. Scientific knowledge has unfortunately often been neglected from an idea that it can only be obtained by those who already possess considerable information. But this is an error; for nature is simple in all her operations, and these may be rendered as intelligible to the mind of the humble and unlettered peasant, as to that of the erudite and high-born philosopher. It is true that formerly, partly from ignorance, or the imperfection of language, and partly from an ungenerous desire to fetter the progress of the human mind, the simplest truths were studiously veiled in obscurity; but the fanciful signs and figures—the crude and complicated phraseology—the harsh and unmeaning technical terms which were then in vogue, have been exploded, and the path to the temple of science is now open, easy of access, and even strewn with flowers.

Science admits of two general divisions; the first comprehends investigations into the nature and operations of our own minds; the second, into the various properties and conditions of matter, or the objects which we observe in the external world. It is by examining these that we become acquainted with the laws of nature, without some knowledge of which we must continually pass over unnoticed numerous objects and events that would otherwise excite the greatest possible interest and admiration. Nor is this all; for when any event does occur of so uncommon and striking a kind as must arouse our attention, and so disturb this repose of ignorance, being unable to explain it on fixed principles, we must have recourse to the suggestions of fancy, which invariably lead to the most absurd and extravagant superstitions. Comets, meteors, thunder and lightning, northern lights, rainbows, every phenomenon of nature, has in its turn excited those superstitious feelings which appear natural to man in a state of ignorance. Comets at a very early period were regarded as prodigies, which appeared in the heavens to forebode the most dismal calamities, such as wars and pestilence, the dethronement and death of kings, and the destruction of empires. Thus in the history of Rome we observe how much undue importance was attached to the comet that appeared before the Augustan war, and to that which attended the battle of Pharsalia; nor has the Jewish historian Josephus been sparing of them at the destruction of Jerusalem. At this period it was imagined that they were merely flaming meteors. But the progress of discovery has enabled astronomers to examine their nature more accurately; to point out the orbits they describe; and to predict with certainty the periods of their return. Hence they have prognosticated the re-appearance of a comet of six years and a half duration in the November of the present year; and already the voice of superstition has been raised in Germany, where some have ignorantly predicted that it will destroy our earth. But no such event is likely to happen, as it will in its nearest position remain at a distance of sixteen millions of leagues from it, according to the calculation of the most distinguished astronomers in France. Meteors, which so much more frequently occur, have also excited the apprehension of the vulgar, who have fancied them to bear along the spirits of the departed, and to be the certain precursors of death. The account, says Mr P'Pherson, given to this day by the ignorant, is very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die in, and then goes along the road through which the burial is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last the meteor and the ghost disappear above the burial place. Thunder and lightning have also been regarded as occurrences out of the ordinary course of nature. The Jews were accustomed to open their doors and windows during a thunder storm, as they expected amidst this commotion of the elements the appearance of the Messiah. In Athens, when a person was struck dead by lightning, the spot

on which the accident occurred was railed in, and an altar raised for sacrifice to the Gods. The Catholics in Suabia, and other districts of Germany, toll the bells of the churches during the continuance of a thunder-storm. The apprehensions of the ignorant, which gave rise to such customs, have, from the advancement of science, been dispelled, and we now have learned, by a very simple contrivance, to rob the cloud of its lightning, and to protect our houses and public buildings from its otherwise disastrous effects. Northern lights have in like manner given rise to many absurd conjectures and predictions. If of a pale appearance, they were supposed to be the precursors of famine; if of a brilliant crimson colour, to be ominous of pestilence and war. Even the rainbow, which "compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle," has given rise to numerous fanciful notions. Altars were raised to it by the Athenians; and even in the earlier ages of Christianity, to the colours it exhibits was assigned a mysterious interpretation. The red and green colours were considered to be significant of the destruction of the world by water and fire; and in others were recognised typical allusions to the mysteries of baptism and the holy Eucharist. These, and other superstitions we might enumerate, shew that without some knowledge of the elementary principles of science, we not only fail to observe and appreciate, but are apt to place an absurd and mischievous interpretation on the most interesting and beautiful phenomena of nature.

By the aid of scientific principles, derived from the observation of a few facts of the most simple kind, and which are capable of immediate demonstration, we are enabled to explain the properties and effects of light—the sources, operations, and various applications of heat—the composition of air and water, and the various kinds of earths, minerals, metals, and other substances, which enter into the structure of the globe we inhabit. Besides which, there are numerous phenomena of very frequent occurrence which claim peculiar attention;—the varied and often lovely colours that are seen reflected along the sky—the formation and varieties of clouds—the condensation and fall of snow, hail, rain, and dew—the motions of the air, sea and land breezes, trade winds, whirlwinds, the hurricane, the tornado, and the simoon—the various appearances which prognosticate change of weather—the transparency, the glowing tints and depths of the ocean, with the motion of its waves, its tides, its currents, and its whirlpools—the lakes, rivers, and springs which so beautifully diversify the face of nature—the terrible convulsions which, under the form of earthquakes, lay the proudest cities in the dust, and overwhelm with fear the heart of man—these, and innumerable other wonders of creation, are calculated to arouse even in the most languid mind a spirit of inquiry, which, once excited, will go along upon its path rejoicing, fully conscious that at every step it is gathering power and enlarging the boundaries of human happiness. Natural historians, moralists, poets—all mankind, are accustomed to speak of the exceeding beauties of nature; but these cannot be felt nor sufficiently appreciated without being properly understood; and this therefore is one of the strongest inducements for us to cultivate such knowledge, for whatever may be the sphere of life in which we have been destined to move—whatever may be the occupations or the duties we may have to perform, or the cares and anxieties that may oppress us—there are times when we escape from these into the free open air, to wander perhaps through the fields or along the sea shore, or through the suburbs or streets of a city; and the mind so informed then carries with it a talisman by which it can always summon up the most interesting subjects for its contemplation. But besides the above inquiries, which relate principally to what is called inorganic matter, when we have examined the irregularities of the earth's surface, its plains and its valleys—its hills and mountains—its level shores and stupendous rocks, it will remain for us to consider the numerous tribes of organic beings which in these different regions find their appropriate habitations. We shall find that the vegetable creation alone opens up to us a world which first bewilders us with the multitude of its beauties and wonders, and then charms us into meditation. All plants, from the humble moss clinging to its barren rock, to the majestic oak of the forest—from the neglected weed on which we tread, to the lovely flower it is our pride to cultivate, are under the influence of the same immutable laws—they all require light, heat, air, and moisture; they all possess a living principle, and require a certain quantity and kind of nutriment, which is elaborated into sap, and converted into different kinds of matter for the leaves, flowers, and fruit; they have all the faculty of reproduction, whereby the same species is continued, and they all grow, attain maturity, and then die; and their decayed remains, even as human dust, then contribute to the formation of the soil of the earth, which is always by such means in the course of renewal. The seeds and fruits of some of these plants, by processes of art, are converted into food, instances of which we have in the numerous kinds of grain now cultivated in Britain; others into materials which supply us with the means of clothing, examples of which we recognise in the hemp, flax, and cotton plants; others yield important medicinal substances, by which we are enabled to mitigate and often subdue the sufferings and

progress of disease; besides which, we need scarcely add that timber of different kinds is applied to so many common purposes of life, that it forms a most important article of commerce.

Thus the vegetable kingdom not only adorns the world with verdant loveliness, but all its productions, its grasses, herbs, shrubs, and trees, are adapted to supply the numerous conveniences of man. But not man alone thence derives support and enjoyment; the plants that grow beside rivers, the shrubs that adorn the sides of rocks, the trees that are grouped together, and form extensive forests—all afford nutriment and protection to myriads of living beings. Here tribes of insects that have as yet escaped the notice of the naturalist, and birds whose notes of melody no human art can rival, fly at liberty; there, too, secure from the usurpation and dominion of man, animals, in their wild and undomesticated state, find shelter. As the principle of life which exists in plants does not lead to the obvious manifestation of any sentient or thinking principle, they have been placed at the lower part of the scale of organized beings, ascending from which the numerous living beings that inhabit the air, the waters, and the earth, and which exhibit a regular chain of gradation from the most simple to the most complicated structures, engage our attention and interest. These we likewise find governed by certain general laws—they all require light, heat, air, and food—they all have the power of multiplying their individual and distinct races—they all grow and enjoy the power of locomotion—they have all senses which warn them of the approach of danger, and enable them to select the substances which are most proper for their nutriment—they have all their appropriate regions of distribution, some being destined to live on the heights of mountains, others in the bosoms of valleys—they have all habits which are connected with certain peculiarities visible in the structure of their several physical frames—they all endure only a temporary existence, some of them living only for a few minutes, others for many hundred years. Finally, the remains of their disorganising bodies, like the plants of which we have spoken, contribute to the formation of the soil on which we tread. The naturalist, finding himself perplexed by the multitude of these animated beings, has arranged them according to their respective forms and habits into certain general divisions, and these again he has subdivided into particular classes, genera, species, and varieties. At the head of these, pre-eminently distinguished by the faculty of speech, and the powers of his mind, we find man, whose knowledge, when tempered with humanity, teaches him humility, forbearance, and gentleness, to all living things. In his uncivilized state man is perhaps more abject and helpless than any other that moves on the face of creation; nor is it until the light of reason dawns that he can perceive how to minister to his numerous necessities and comforts. Naked, unarmed, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, he seeks only to redress his immediate physical wants. His hunger he satisfies by eating the fruits of the trees, or the roots of herbs—his thirst he slakes at the river's side, and his only habitation is the depth of otherwise unfrequented woods. In this state he has no language to articulate his ideas; but we turn from a picture humiliating to human vanity, to contemplate man in his more civilized state, enjoying all the luxuries which have been conferred upon him by the progress of the arts and sciences. It is said that Rome itself originally consisted only of a few mud cottages irregularly scattered, and Vitruvius informs us that even in his time the Temple of Romulus was preserved, thatched with straw. Such was the origin of that proud city, which afterwards became the mistress of the world, and this is only a type of the great changes, improvements, and contributions to happiness that have been, and will be effected, by the progress of the human mind.

Great Britain itself, which has held so pre-eminent and commanding an attitude among other nations, has in like manner arisen from a humble origin; and to what may her glory and prosperity be principally attributed? To the advanced state of the arts and sciences; it is this which led to her conquests both by land and by sea; it is this which at the present moment forms the broad basis of her commerce. The application of the principles of science to her different manufactures has brought many of them to a state of most wonderful perfection; nay, it is impossible to examine them without experiencing the highest gratification. When, therefore, it is considered that the knowledge of a few principles of chemistry will enable us to understand the most interesting processes of art, surely it is a desirable attainment, more especially as it requires no very great sacrifice of time nor intense application to study. By the union of potash and a certain kind of sand, and the application of heat, glass is formed, which supplies us with the means of enjoying light in our habitations, at the same time that it excludes the inclemency of the weather. The old English historian, Bede, informs us that in the seventh century it was not known how to make window-glass in England; and we read in Henry's History of Great Britain that before this period the windows of houses, and even of cathedral churches, admitted light through fine linen cloths or lattices of wood. The greatest im-

provements have taken place in the mode of manufacturing glass, which now forms an important part of British trade. The arts of bleaching, dyeing, and tanning, are likewise chemical operations, which may be understood without difficulty. The process of bleaching is one of great antiquity; for we learn from Theophrastus, who lived 300 years before Christ, that lime was then employed in bleaching. Here again the bleacher has been considerably indebted to the progress of science, without knowing the elementary principles of which, it is not possible to understand the action that takes place in this process. In dyeing, not a colour can be imparted unless an affinity or attraction exists between the cloth and the dye; and if this is not present, the dyer is obliged to have recourse to some other agent, which he then employs as a bond of union between them. If we digest some indigo in a little common vitriol, and dilute it largely with water, and then insert into the solution a piece of silk, linen, or cotton, we shall find, on taking it out immediately, that the indigo combines with the cloth, and gives it a blue colour. But if, instead of indigo, we make an infusion of cochineal, logwood, or madder, and immerse the cloth in the coloured liquid, we shall find that there is so slight an attraction exerted between the colouring matter and the fibres of the cloth, that it only receives a stain, which may be removed by washing. In this case the third substance is requisite to combine the colouring matter with the cloth, and render the dye permanent: this is what is termed the mordant or basis, which generally consists of a certain preparation of iron or tin. Here, therefore, we perceive that the process of dyeing depends on a chemical action, which admits of a very simple explanation. The act of tanning can likewise only be understood by having recourse to the science of chemistry, which has taught us that, in the barks of trees, more especially of the oak kind, a substance is obtained called tannin, which may be made, by a very simple process, to combine with skins, so as to form leather. Besides these, the mode of extracting metals from their different ores, in order that they may be converted subsequently into various utensils, and the important art of agriculture, require a knowledge of chemical principles. Even the most simple culinary processes, daily going forward in our kitchens, proceed likewise on principles of chemistry, which we ought to understand. Accordingly, that distinguished philosopher, Count Rumford, did not disdain to exercise the powers of his scientific mind in devising means to improve the art of cooking. He endeavoured to ascertain how the greatest quantity of nutriment could be obtained from food at the least possible expense; and so well did he succeed, that in one of his establishments at Munich, three women were sufficient to prepare a dinner for a thousand persons, and they burned only ninepence worth of fuel. He went so far in his improvements as even to economise all the heat of the smoke; and hence it was said that he would soon be found cooking his dinner with the smoke from his neighbour's fire. We might here adduce numerous other examples to illustrate the universal application of the principles of science, but sufficient has been said to show how much there is to amuse and interest the mind as it advances along the path of useful knowledge. In conclusion, we may observe that the information which thus qualifies us to appreciate the beauties of nature, and which enables us to understand the different processes of art, should exert the happiest and most beneficial effects on human character; for such meditations are calculated to elevate the thoughts, refine the feelings, enrich the imagination, and render us happier as we proceed on our pilgrimage through the world.

ITINERATING LIBRARIES.

I HAVE much pleasure in bringing under the notice of the people of Great Britain generally, an institution calculated to be of the greatest service in the diffusion of knowledge, but which is as yet little known beyond the limits of a particular district in Scotland. About forty years ago, or shortly after the impulse given to the public mind by the revolution in France, an urgent demand began to be manifested over most parts of Scotland for the perusal of instructive publications, less limited in their range in literature than had prevailed throughout the preceding age. Reading associations sprung into existence, frequently under the fostering care of the landed gentry and clergy; and it will be recollected by my readers, that our national poet, Burns, whose active genius appreciated this scheme of widening the scope of human intelligence, was instrumental in forming one of those book societies in a country part of Dumfriesshire. Since that epoch, libraries in the proprietary of a body of subscribers, chiefly in the middle and lower ranks of life, have, with much advantage, been set on foot in every town and populous village in the kingdom. Scotland has therefore for at least a quarter of a century been in the enjoyment of a very beneficial system of mental cultivation by local libraries, and this alone has formed a most interesting feature in its intellectual statistics.

But no human institution is perfect. The country libraries labour under a natural defect, for which no ingenuity can offer a remedy, unless by a total alteration in the character of the institution. It has been found that in almost every instance the desire for knowledge, through such means, has been quenched in the limited amount of the volumes; or, in other words, that the subscribers have read the library out, and that more speedily than new books can be added for their gratification. Thus, stationary country libraries cease to ex-

cite much interest after a few years, and the objects of so valuable an institution are, in a certain sense, as completely frustrated as if the library were altogether removed. A remedy has, however, been found, most effectual in its design and tendency. Arrangements have in some places been made to establish libraries in a series, moveable from place to place, so that as soon as the inhabitants of a village have read one library, it moves off, and another supplies its place. These are called *ITINERATING LIBRARIES*, and I now purpose to say a few words regarding them. To whom the merit is due of inventing this almost magical mode of circulating books, I have never heard; but whoever he was, his name deserves to take its place alongside of the inventors of paper and printing. With an obscurity hanging over the origin of the practice, it can be stated with precision, that it was first made known in East Lothian, and very greatly improved by the indefatigable and philanthropic exertions of Mr Samuel Brown, merchant in Haddington, son of the late Dr John Brown of that place. According to Mr Brown's mode, there is a head station (which seems absolutely necessary), where the books lie for some time, after which they are sorted and put in operation, always coming back to the head station at the end of every two years before they pass on to another district. This appears to be necessary, for the purpose of repairing the damaged volumes, and infusing new books into the stock. The system pursued by Mr Brown, I give by an extract from a communication with him on the subject. "The plan of itinerating libraries (says he) was introduced in 1817, and it has been attended with a degree of success unexampled in the history of reading associations. It commenced with five divisions (or libraries) of fifty volumes each; and there are now, in 1830, upwards of 2000 volumes belonging to the institution. The new books are kept for a few years at the head library at Haddington for the use of subscribers, and afterwards they are arranged into divisions of fifty volumes, and stationed in the towns and villages of the country for two years, when they are removed and exchanged. The regular removal and supply of new divisions has excited and kept up such a disposition to read, that in several stations there is frequently not a volume left in the library box. To persons acquainted with the issues from the usual settled libraries of 2000 volumes, or even of a much smaller number, and of thirteen years' standing, the following statement will appear almost incredible:—The issues of books at Haddington to the subscribers have been nearly eight and a half times per annum for every volume kept in them. The gratuitous issues at Haddington have been seven and a half times every volume; at Gifford, Salton, Aberlady, North Berwick, Belhaven, and Spott, they have been seven times every volume; and the issues of the whole establishment, so far as reported, have been on an average five times for every volume, or 10,000 issues of 2000 volumes." It may be explained, that the divisions of books "are all kept in boxes, or presses, and deposited with careful individuals. In all cases these librarians have acted gratuitously. The books are purchased chiefly from the accumulation of voluntary subscriptions, or small annual charges. I believe it is now proposed to issue the books the first year that a division is in the place, at the rate of a penny a volume; but as a subscription, however small, might essentially impede the success of the scheme, and as it is of immense consequence to bring the books within the reach of the whole population, particularly of the young, they will continue to be issued gratuitously the second year. It is mentioned in a memoir relative to these itinerating libraries, that a single library of fifty volumes, with book-case, catalogue, labels, advertisements, and issuing books, may be procured at from L.10 to L.12. A series of fifty divisions for one of the Scottish counties might perhaps be formed for L.500. Hitherto these East Lothian libraries have been in some measure made up by donations of books; and I am confident that when gentlemen who have large libraries, containing many books they do not often require, are aware of the prodigious benefit which may result to the country by assisting the institution in this manner, they will hasten to present the head establishments which may be formed with liberal donations. A single volume lying unnoticed in a corner of their book-shelf may be thus made to diffuse its concentrated knowledge over the peasantry of a whole country. Mr Brown has published a number of reports relative to the libraries under his charge, from which it appears he possesses very sanguine notions as to the extension of his scheme over the whole United Kingdom, nay, even over the West India and American colonies, if not the whole world. Now, it is quite evident that the progress of these beneficial establishments can only follow in the tread of the schoolmaster, and be successful where a certain degree of mental cultivation has been already effected. He speaks of a great head institution in London, something like the Central Bible Societies, as being necessary in the development of his plan. I would admonish him and all others to drop so crude and preposterous a project. Great head institutions are in general great jobs, for they are conducted by men who serve merely for pecuniary emolument, and care little for the *morale* of their establishments. Let the plan of the East Lothian itinerating libraries be copied from county to county; let local excitement only be put in force; let a few spirited and liberal minded men, belonging to different classes of the community, but club their intelligence to set the libraries agoing in their vicinities, and there can be no question that the whole country will, in a brief space of time, be covered with the desired establishments. In the success which has attended Brown's itinerating libraries in Haddingtonshire, another useful lesson is read to mankind. We find that in this, as in almost every other great good bestowed on the species, the benefit has been conferred by a *single individual*, and not by a society, the drivelling formalities of which, in rare instances, prevent everything like an efficiency of action, and retard fully more than they quicken the genius of human improvement.

THE PECHS.

EVERY child in Scotland has heard of the Pechs, a race of small red-haired men, who are said to have lived long ago, and built all the huge castles and bridges in the country.

The Picts, whom antiquaries suppose to have been the same as what are called the Pechs, are understood to have been the people who lived in the country north of the Forth, about a thousand years ago. They had a king of their own for many ages; but at length a race of Irish adventurers, who came in upon Scotland by the west, got the better of their monarch, or else succeeded to his crown by marriage, so that there was never any more heard of them as a separate nation. This event is said to have taken place in the year 843.

Tacitus, a Roman historian of the second century, describes these Picts as a tall and fair race; but tradition now speaks differently of the Picts. Both in the border counties, and in those which the Picts once occupied, they are represented by the common people, and in all nursery stories, as a squat and robust race of men, with red hair, and arms of such length, that they could tie the latches of their shoes without stooping. The Scottish peasant ascribes all old public works of which he does not know the origin to the Pechs, and their plan of working, according to his creed, was to stand in a row between the quarry and the building, handing forward stones to one another. When a person has either red hair, long arms, or a very sturdy body, it is common to say to him tauntingly, "Ye maun be come of the Pechs." Yet there is also a very prevalent understanding that they are now entirely extirpated, at least as a nation; and there are some popular tales which even speak of the death of the last individual of the race.

The inhabitants of Lammernoor, a lonely mountain region between East Lothian and Berwickshire, have a tradition that the last battle fought by the Pechs against the Scots, by whom they were oppressed, took place near a hill called Manslaughter Law. So dreadfully were they cut up, that only two persons of the Pictish nation survived the fight, a father and a son. These were brought before the Scottish king, and promised life on condition that they would disclose the secret, peculiar to their nation, of the art of distilling ale from heather. But this was a secret upon which the Pechs prided themselves very much, so that, it is said by Boece in his history, they never would divulge it except to their own kindred. Both had refused to purchase their lives on this condition, and they were about to be put to a painful and torturing death, when the father seemed to relent, and proposed to yield up the secret, provided that the Scots would first kill his son. The victors, though horrified at the unnatural selfishness of the old man, complied with his request, and then asked its reward. "Now," said the ancient Pech, "you may kill me too, for you shall never know my secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me." The king of Scots could not help admiring this firmness of principle, even in so small a matter as small ale, and he condemned the veteran savage to life. It is further related by the tradition of Teviotdale, that his existence, as a punishment from heaven for his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal life. When some ages had passed, and the last of the Pechs was blind and bed-ridden, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the early times, which were now only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron instead of a wrist, that they might enjoy the expressions of indignation which they thought he would be sure to utter. But he seized the huge bar, and, snapping it through like a reed, only remarked very coolly, "It's a bit grey gristle," but naething to the shackle-banes o' my young days." The feelings of the young men may be imagined. Into such forms as these do historical facts become transmuted after a long series of ages; and such is the popular remembrance of a nation which once occupied the greater part of this country, but the very existence of which is now a matter of historical certainty.

THE LADY OF WOODHOUSELEE.

ON the left bank of the North Esk, betwixt Roslin and Auchindinny, stand the few remaining ruins of the old house of Woodhouselee, which seems to have been a castellated mansion of a commanding appearance. The scenery around, which is exceedingly beautiful, has furnished a theme for many a romantic ballad, and the locality is connected with a tragic circumstance of more than ordinary interest, which occurred in the year 1569, during the troubles of the reign of Queen Mary. Crawford, in his memoirs of the affairs of Scotland, relates the event in the following words:—"With regard to Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, he was one of those who, among bold and loyal men of that clan, fought for the Queen at Langside, was then taken prisoner and sentenced to be hanged, but afterwards made his escape, and was forfeited. His wife, who was heiress of Woodhouselee, not thinking her husband's crimes would affect her estate, willingly abandoned that of Bothwellhaugh, in Clydesdale, which was his ancient patrimony, and took possession of her own property; but the Earl

of Murray being informed of the matter by Sir James Ballantine (a mighty favourite of his, to whom he had gifted Woodhouselee), sent some officers to take possession of the house, who not only turned the gentlewoman out of doors, but stripped her naked, and left her in that condition in the open field, in a cold dark night, where, before day, she became furiously mad, and insensible of the injury they had done her." From this moment, Bothwellhaugh, her husband, resolved on putting Moray, the Regent, to death, which he accomplished, as is well known, at Linlithgow, by firing upon him from a balcony, on the 23d of January, 1569. From the place of assassination Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the house in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Moray's army, were yet smoking. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having revenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. The carbine with which he shot the Regent is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece of a middling length, very small in the bore, and what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match lock, for which a modern firelock has been judiciously substituted. To return to Woodhouselee, the scene of the above melancholy event: The country people around were long possessed of the idea that the ruins of the mansion were tenanted by the restless spirit of the Lady of Bothwellhaugh, and which spectre is said to have been so tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and even of very late years has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the rights of ghosts, as the present Woodhouselee, the seat of the respectable family of the Fraser Tyltars, is situated on a slope of the Pentland Hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. In Pinkerton's Collection of Scottish Songs he gives one from tradition, entitled the Laird of Woodhouselee, the substance of which is, that at a great feast, where there were present full twenty "golden dames," every one with her knight, each lady being called on to give to the minstrels the name of her favourite, in order that they might celebrate his prowess and accomplishments in verse, the Lady of Woodhouselee commanded them to sing Salton's praise. Her Lord, taking offence at such an order, expressed his anger in a manner which alarmed her; whereupon she consulted her nurse, who advised her to poison him, and prepared the poison, which the lady administered in a glass of wine. News coming to the father of his son's death, and the supposed cause, he immediately repaired to the King, and throwing himself at his feet, besought just vengeance on the murderer. The King, incensed at the lady's crime, ordered her to be burnt at the stake; and the ballad closes with her lamentation, and admonition to take warning from her fall.

THE RESOLVE.

In imitation of an old English Poem.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

My wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray fades;
The flame its glory hurls about;
The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again;
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly bit,
To be so strangely cross'd.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.

* Cartilage.

—Edinburgh Annual Register. 1840.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

CLEANLINESS—BATHING.

This is the purest exercise of health.
The kind refresher of the summer heats.

THOMSON.

THE enjoyment of sound health of body, next to that of sound health of mind, is one of the greatest of terrestrial blessings, and a few plain observations on the best mode of attaining this state of physical comfort may be perused with advantage. The science of preserving health is generally comprehended under the term *Dietetics*, which has a reference to cleanliness, the preparation and consumption of food, air, exercise, rest, the passions, sleep, and other matters connected with the functions of the body. Among the lower animals, who are governed by an unerring instinct, there is no need for the correction of abuses in the healthful preservation of the body; but man, who is the creature of circumstances, and who has been left to be governed by his reason so as to suit his taste and convenience, stands constantly in need of advice on the general heads just referred to. Our artificial mode of living, the prodigious variety of our employments in and out of doors, our different modes of dwelling and dressing, the endless variety of substances used as food and drink, the great diversity of national customs and manners, the difference and changeableness of climate, and our vicious indulgences, have all a powerful influence on our physical welfare. By our present mode of living we are certainly stronger in frame and of greater longevity than savages (though there is a prejudice to the contrary), but we pay the penalty of this superiority in our liability to numberless complaints originating in the artificial habits of social life.

I do not imagine that persons who live in ordinary intercourse with society can pretend to exist like anchorites, or follow every rule laid down for the preservation of their health; but I do believe that, with a little firmness and no great sacrifice of feeling, a very excellent state of health may be obtained, even with our present artificial practices. All who have studied the condition of the human body lay down *personal cleanliness* as the first thing to be attained in the pursuit of health, and without this all other means will prove abortive. The outer skin of the human body is composed of the most minute scales, between which are interstices, or openings, called pores, from whence constantly exude the liquid matter which we denominate perspiration, but which is, in fact, the refuse of the internal blood. The quantity of perspiration daily exuded, under ordinary circumstances, is from one to two pounds weight, and it is essential to our existence that this should be projected outwards. As the clothes worn next the body act as sponges for the receipt of perspirable matter, they should invariably be preserved in the most cleanly condition; for if they be soiled or impure, they will not receive the liquid effusion, which is consequently lodged on the skin, and returned to the internal parts by the absorbents, greatly to the injury of the health. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this most important fact in dietetics. The clothes, whether of woollen or linen, worn next the skin, should be frequently changed—the oftener the better; but even this precaution, excellent as it is, will not preserve uniform sound health, unless the skin be from time to time thoroughly purified with water. The inhabitants of this country, and indeed of most countries, are culpably negligent in not generally attending to this point in cleanliness. Almost all the great law-givers and founders of religion, from the remotest antiquity, seem to have been aware of the influence of personal cleanliness upon the moral character of man, and have strongly inculcated it. In many cases it has been interwoven with the most solemn rites of public and private worship; and is so still, in a particular manner, in Mahomedan countries.

Let all clothes, linen, beds, blankets, and other articles coming in contact with the body, be kept in the most cleanly condition—that is, free of the perspired matter. Let the body, and particularly the joints, be frequently washed with pure water, especially in summer. The face, neck, and hands, ought to be daily washed, both morning and evening. In washing the face, the cold water should be always laved behind the ears and on the back part of the neck, by which practice toothache will in a great measure be prevented. The mouth should be well rinsed every morning with water, and the teeth simultaneously rubbed with the finger, which is considered to be better than a brush. It has been found that frequent shaving of the beard is conducive to free perspiration, and, consequently, to health. I would particularly recommend that the feet be very frequently washed. If bathed every morning in cold water, the complaint of cold feet, now so prevalent, would seldom be heard.

Bathing of every description is the basis of cleanliness, and may be pronounced one of the most beneficial restorers of health and vigour. To persons enjoying a perfect state of bodily vigour, the frequent use of the bath is less necessary than to the infirm, as the healthy possess a greater power to resist infirmities by means of their unimpaired perspiration, the elasticity of their minute vessels, and the due consistence of their circulating fluids. The case is very different with the infirm, the delicate, and the aged. In these the slowness of circulation, the viscosity or clamminess of the fluids, the constant efforts of nature to propel the impurities towards the skin, combine to render the frequent bathing or washing of their bodies an essential requisite to their physical existence. Although most persons acknowledge the propriety of frequent bodily ablution, there are not many who are fond of putting their belief in practice; they will tell you that they have no time, no convenience, for bathing. But these are frivolous excuses. It is their indolence which afflicts them; and rather than clean themselves, they will run the chance of having their health impaired, and live in a state of perpetual bodily discomfort. Every one has the use of

water, and could easily spare a few minutes for so highly beneficial a process as washing themselves. On the other hand, those who indulge in the judicious practice of bathing enjoy a more active state of body and more durable state of robust health than those who do not. Bathing may be performed with hot or cold water, according as feelings dictate, or circumstances permit. The lukewarm or tepid bath, from 85 to 95 degrees of heat, is always safe; and the temperature may be raised to 102 degrees without danger to healthy persons. So far is the hot bath from relaxing the tone of the solids, that it may justly be considered as one of the most powerful restoratives with which we are acquainted. Instead of heating the body it has a cooling effect, and diminishes the quickness of the pulse. Hence, tepid baths are of eminent service, where the body has been overheated, from whatever cause, whether after fatigue from travelling, severe bodily exercise, or after violent exertion and perturbation of mind. By their softening and moistening power, they greatly contribute to the formation and growth of the body of young persons.

Bathing in rivers, as well as in the sea, is effectual for every purpose of cleaning the body; it washes away impurities from the surface, opens the cutaneous vessels for a due perspiration, and increases the circulation of the blood. For these reasons it cannot be too much recommended, not only to the infirm and debilitated, under certain restrictions, but likewise to the healthy. The apprehension of bad consequences from the coldness of the water is in reality ill-founded; for, besides that it produces a strengthening effect by its astringent property, the cold sensation is not of itself hurtful. In a recent publication, entitled "The Economy of the Human Body," the author makes the following judicious observations on cold bathing:—"The best time for bathing is about noon, or two or three hours after breakfast. Cold bathing should never be practised when the body is loaded with food. For invalids, the morning is improper, as being chiller, and the body not having been invigorated by a slight meal. This is another popular error which ought to be corrected. Invalids and the delicate should plunge twice or thrice into the water, then come out, and have the body immediately rubbed dry with cloths. Practice will gradually enable a person to remain longer in the water; and the robust may enjoy the luxury for a considerable time with the most perfect impunity; but whenever chilliness, drowsiness, and inactivity, are felt after coming out, these are sure indications that either cold bathing does not agree with the constitution, or that too long time has been spent in the water. Sea water is most efficacious as a cold bath, for there is a stimulating quality in the salt which gives a grateful glow to the skin. There is a popular belief that it is necessary to plunge head foremost into the water, else a determination of blood to the head takes place, and headaches, &c. follow. Nothing can be more erroneous. A sudden plunge is often productive of mischief, but it is not necessary to wet the whole head in bathing, especially if there be too much hair, which, afterwards, taking a long time to dry, is often inconvenient. Whenever after a short immersion in the cold bath the individual feels chill, his skin pale, and the lips and nails of a purplish hue, it is a proof that cold bathing does not agree with him." With these useful observations I may here close this first branch of the subject of Dietetics.

A GLANCE AT ENGLISH HUSBANDRY.

WHEN a Scotchman travels for the first time through England, he sees much to engage his attention in the landscape not peculiar to his own end of the island. Independent of the general levelness of the land, and the other more prominent features of the country, he marks the difference in the disposition of the fields and the ordinary arrangements of the rural manage. Two things he particularly notices—the singular smallness of the enclosed fields, which seem no bigger than a common-sized kitchen garden, and the great quantity of them laid in grass. In some counties these peculiarities are not observable; but taking the country in the mass, they are essentially its most striking characteristics. Accustomed in Scotland to see fields of a large extent under an active process of husbandry for grain crops, he cannot well make out the cause for occupying so considerable a portion of the English soil with thick thorn hedges, and he is perhaps informed that much of the land is preserved under grass, so as to be free of a certain description of tithes. In all the arts of trade and commerce, England entered on its illustrious career several centuries before its northern neighbour; in the arts of agriculture it also obtained the advantage of priority; but it is indisputable that in this branch of industry it has been perceptibly outstripped, and may award the merit to Scotland. The revival of agriculture in Scotland—I say its revival, for it retrograded in consequence of the wars of the succession—though only of a date within the period of the last century, has been followed up with a most unprecedented energy and a signal success. Within the compass of ninety or a hundred years almost every instrument of husbandry of an ancient construction has disappeared, and been succeeded by implements formed on an efficient scientific principle. Thrashing machines, some moved by steam, are universal. A Scotchman acquainted with these distinctions in the husbandry of North Britain, is amused in beholding in the south instruments of field labour, waggons for conveying grain to market included, evidently as ancient and clumsy in construction as they were in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy. In Northumberland, some parts of Yorkshire, Norfolk, and other places, this is certainly not the case; but over the greater part of England and Wales it would appear that the public mind has not yet been roused to the value of the improvements I mention.

Yet how glorious is the appearance of this noble country in the verdant and luxurious months of summer, with its endless flourishing fences, its fields dotted with trees, its beautiful lawns and orchards, and its hearty ho-

nest peasantry, with their trim cottages and gardens. Let us take a glance at this highly favoured region. Entering by the "Eastern Marches," we find Northumberland, distinguished as an agricultural district, and in this respect bearing a resemblance to the Merse, on this side of the Tweed. The size of the farms is said to vary from L.50 to L.500 in rent. In Cumberland, grazing has long been the principal object of the farmers; extensive enclosures, however, have been recently made, and considerable quantities of flour and oatmeal are now exported. The dairies are small, but the butter is of excellent quality. There is much hilly, bleak land in Westmoreland and Cumberland, suitable only for sheep pasture. The Durham farms are in general small in extent, but excellent and powerful horses are bred here, and the cattle, by suitable feeding, are brought to a large size. In the East Riding of Yorkshire, particularly upon the wolds, agriculture is conducted upon a large scale, and has arrived at a high pitch of perfection. Half a century ago barley and oats were the principal kinds of grain produced here, and oat-bread was chiefly used by the inhabitants; now the valleys and the slopes of the hills wave with wheat. The western levels, also, have received great improvements. Within less than thirty years vast commons in its southern part have been enclosed and cultivated; and a dreary and swampy waste is now covered with well-built farmsteads. The horses of Yorkshire have long been justly celebrated; they are bred principally in the East and North Ridings.

Proceeding into Lancashire, we find it generally more backward in its agriculture, and famous only for its potatoes. In Cheshire we find agriculture well understood, but the land chiefly devoted to the feeding of cattle for dairy produce. The cheeses of Cheshire, including those made in Shropshire, are the best in Britain. Agriculture is the essential and almost the whole pursuit of the inhabitants of Herefordshire; they also devote great attention to their orchards, which we find in every situation. Cyder and perry are produced to a great amount. Hops are cultivated on the borders of Worcester, and at the centre of Nottinghamshire. Staffordshire is not remarkable for its agriculture. Grazing, or breeding and feeding stock, is the great object of the Leicestershire farmer. More than half the land is constantly in pasture. Cheese is made to a great extent. Leicestershire is also eminent for its breed of beautiful black horses. In Northamptonshire dairies are numerous and extensive. Cattle are fed in great numbers. Agriculture is in a low state. The country here grows wood for dyers. The rich vales of Gloucestershire are chiefly devoted to the produce of the dairy and the rearing of cattle. The Gloucester and double Gloucester cheese are the produce of different districts. In a part of this county called the Forest, there is much oak and forest trees, and one place has furnished 1000 tons of ship timber annually for a course of years. The husbandry of Oxfordshire is not of an approved character. In Buckinghamshire, vast numbers of oxen are fed, and butter is made in great quantities. The chief produce of Bedfordshire are corn and butter.

In the eastern district of England lies Lincolnshire, remarkable for its flat land or fens, formerly inundated by the sea, which, being now protected by great embankments, form one of the richest tracks in the kingdom. The drainage of them has been chiefly accomplished within the last 40 or 50 years, and is still going on. Upwards of 150,000 acres have in this manner been reclaimed, yielding annually L.150,000, exclusive of all expenses. The fertility of the improved lands is in many places extraordinary, owing, it is supposed, to their great impregnation with sea salt. They are all adapted to ordinary crops, but are chiefly devoted to grazing. In the summer season they are covered with innumerable flocks and herds, which, from the luxuriance of the pastures, grow to an amazing weight. In winter, much of the land being overflowed, nothing is to be seen but a wide expanse of water, varied with a number of seafoal. Many of the fens are devoted to the breeding and rearing of geese, which here form a highly valuable stock. Their quills and feathers are sent in immense quantities to the London and other markets. The northern part of Cambridgeshire forms the Isle of Ely, which is almost a complete marsh. In these low lands, the towns and villages, built upon elevated spots, appear like islands. The soil is extremely fertile, and produces luxuriant crops of wheat and oats. The aspect of Norfolk, though in some places diversified by little swells, is generally uninteresting. The soil is not naturally fertile, but has been greatly improved by cultivation. Agriculture is here conducted upon the most improved system. Suffolk is in general level, and the climate is reckoned the driest in the kingdom; the cows of this county are excellent milkers. Hertfordshire is reckoned the first corn county in England. Essex is level, but in general sufficiently elevated to be dry and arable. In Kent, hops are grown to a great extent, and also various other horticultural plants and roots. Almost the sole business of the Middlesex agriculturists is to provide articles of necessity for the metropolis, in the vicinity of which the land is mostly rented by cow-keepers, gardeners, and nurserymen. Surrey is behind in its agriculture. Sussex is one of the most beautiful counties in England, being richly clothed with wood, covered with orchards, and disposed in fertile fields.

In the southern district of England, we find Hampshire, distinguished for its agriculture. Wiltshire, especially in its south division, is almost entirely devoted to sheep pasture. Dorsetshire is also pastoral. Proceeding into the west of England, the traveller will be pleased with the appearance of Somersetshire, which possesses every gradation of surface. The plains are remarkable for their luxuriant herbage. Possessing a climate mild and genial, this county stands high in reputation for its agricultural produce. Devonshire is partly open and uncultivated, and partly fine fens, laid out in orchards, or cultivated in a style of improvement. The Devonshire cyder rivals that of Herefordshire. In conclusion, the agriculture of Cornwall is rude, the

mines attracting the chief attention of the inhabitants. I have thus rapidly sketched the local characteristics of English husbandry, which, even under the most improved modes, is in a general sense inferior to that seen in the best agricultural districts of Scotland, where the new scientific instruments of labour, the ingenuity and educated habits of the peasantry, the scheme of leasing land on an enlarged principle, the rotation of cropping, and many other advantageous circumstances, have combined to bring farming in the north to the very height of perfection.*

SCENES IN PALESTINE.

On the following day (says Carne, in his letters from the East) we ascended the side of Carmel, next to the sea, into which it almost descends; and on this part of its summit tradition says that Elijah the prophet stood when he prayed for rain, and beheld the cloud rise out of the sea. The next day we ascended the mountain in another part, and traversed the whole of its summit, which occupied several hours. It is the finest and most beautiful mountain in Palestine, of great length, and in many parts covered with trees and flowers. On reaching at last the opposite summit, and coming out of a wood, we saw the celebrated Esdraelon beneath, with the river Kishon flowing through it; Mounts Hermon and Tabor were in front; and on the left the prospect was bounded by the hills of Samaria. On the following day we arrived at Nazareth, which we could not perceive till we were at the top of the hill directly over it, as it stands at the foot and side of a kind of amphitheatre. Its situation is very romantic; the population amounts to about twelve hundred, who are mostly Christians. The Spanish Catholic convent, in which all travellers are accommodated, is a large and excellent mansion. The church of the convent is rich, and contains a fine organ. Below the floor, and entered by a flight of steps, is the cave or grotto where the angel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mary; a granite column was rent in twain by the appearance of the angel; the lower part is quite gone, but the upper part, which passes through the roof, is suspended in the air. There is a handsome altar in this grotto. We next visited a small apartment which is shown as the workshop of Joseph; this stands at a short distance from the church; part of it only remains, and is certainly kept very neat. Not far from this is the school where our Lord received his education, and which looks much like other schools. But as curious a relic as any, is a large piece of rock, rather soft, about four feet high, and four or five yards long, its form not quite circular;—on this our Lord is said to have often dined with his disciples.

About a mile and a half down the valley is shown a high and perpendicular rock, as the very spot where our Lord, according to St Luke, was taken by the people to be thrown over the precipice. About midway down, in the face of the rock, is the spot where his descent was arrested, and the mark of his hands, and part of his form, are shown, where he entered into the rock and disappeared. Such are the tales of the fathers of the convent. But of far higher interest than traditions and relics is the scenery around Nazareth; it is of the kind in which we would imagine the Saviour of mankind delighted to wander and to withdraw himself when meditating on his great mission; deep and secluded dells, covered with a wild verdure, silent and solemn paths where overhanging rocks shut out all intrusion. No one can walk round Nazareth without feeling thoughts like these enter his mind, while gazing often on many a sweet spot, traced perhaps by the Redeemer's footsteps, and embalmed by his prayers.

The next day we rode to Mount Tabor, about six miles distant; it stands alone on the plain, and is a very small and beautiful mountain, rising gradually on every side; about the fourth part of the ascent towards the summit is covered with a luxuriance of wood. The top of Mount Tabor is flat and not of large extent; the view from thence is most magnificent. At the foot is shown the village, amidst a few trees, that was the birth-place of Deborah the prophetess. Hermon stands in the plain about six miles off, and at its foot is the village of Nain. We next proceeded towards Cana by a narrow and rocky path over the mountains. This village is pleasantly situated on a small eminence in a valley, and contains two or three hundred inhabitants; the ruins of the house are still shown where the miracle of turning the water into wine was performed. The same kind of stone waterpots are certainly in use in the village; we saw several of the women bearing them on their heads as they returned from the well.

Proceeding on our journey, we wound along the coast, passing by the site of Cæsarea, and arrived at Joppa or Jaffa. The appearance of Jaffa is singular, being situated on so steep a declivity that the houses almost climb over each other up the face of the hill. A dark and naked room is shown as having been the residence of Simon Peter, the tanner. We were now only twelve hours' journey from Jerusalem, and rode to Ramtha early on the following day: this place is finely situated on an extensive plain, and has some woods and olive trees around it. By moonlight next

morning we were on the way to the sacred city: for about three hours it led over the plain, and then ascending the hills, became excessively disagreeable, in some parts so narrow that one horse only could proceed at a time, and that not always with safety. At the end of nine hours, however, as we proceeded over the summit of a rugged hill, we beheld Jerusalem. Its aspect certainly was not magnificent or inspiring, but sad and dreary. On reaching the gate of Bethlehem, we were speedily admitted, and, after some research, procured a lodging in the house of a native, not far from the walls, and near the tower of David. The morning after my arrival was a very lovely one, and, though it was in February, perfectly warm. I passed out of the gate of Bethlehem, and, traversing part of the ravine beneath, ascended the Mount of Judgment, on the south side of the city. How interesting was her aspect, beheld over the deep and rocky valley of Hinnom! her gloomy walls encompassing Mount Zion on every side; and as yet there was no sound to disturb the silence of the scene. The beautiful Mount of Olives was on the right, and at its feet the Valley of Jehoshaphat, amidst whose great rocks and trees stood the tomb of Zacharias, the last of the prophets that was slain; the only stream visible flowed from the fountain of Siloam, on the side of Zion opposite. It is true the city beloved of God has disappeared, and with all its hallowed spots once contained within its walls; and keen must be the faith that can now embrace their identity. Yet the face of nature still endures—the rocks, the mountains, lakes, and valleys, are unchanged, save that loneliness and wildness are now where once were luxury and every joy; and though their glory is departed, a high and mournful beauty still rests on many of these silent and romantic scenes. Amidst them a stranger will ever delight to wander, for there his imagination can seldom be at fault. The walls of Jerusalem can with ease be walked round on the outside in 45 minutes, as the extent is scarcely three miles. On the east of the city runs the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the south and west that of Hinnom, and into these descend the steep sides of Mount Zion, on whose surface the city stands. To the north extends the plain of Jeremiah, the only level space around; it is covered partly with olive trees. It does not appear probable for the ancient city to have covered a larger space than the present, except by stretching to the north, along the plain of Jeremiah; because the modern walls are built nearly on the brink of the declivities of Zion and the adjoining hill. But the height of the hill is very small, for Jerusalem is on every side, except towards the north, overlooked by hills higher than the one whereon it stands. The circumstance that most perplexes every traveller is, to account for Mount Calvary's having been formerly without the city. It is at present not a small way within; and in order to shut it out, the ancient walls must have made the most extraordinary curve imaginable. Its elevation was probably always inconsiderable, so that there is little to stagger one's faith in the lowliness of its present appearance.

AMERICAN LUMBERERS.

The timber trade, which, in a commercial as well as a political point of view, is of more importance in employing our ships and seamen, and the occasioning a great addition to the demand for British manufactures, than it is generally considered to be, employs a vast number of people in the British colonies, whose manner of living, owing to the nature of the business they follow, is entirely different from that of the other inhabitants of North America. Several of these people form what is termed a "lumbering party," composed of persons who are all either hired by a master lumberer, who pays them wages, and finds them in provisions, or of individuals, who enter into an understanding with others, to have a joint interest in the proceeds of their labour. The necessary supplies of provisions, clothing, &c., are generally obtained from the merchants on credit, in consideration of receiving the timber which the lumberers are to bring down the rivers the following summer. The stock deemed requisite for a "lumbering party" consists of axes, a cross-cut saw, cooking utensils, a cask of rum, tobacco and pipes, a sufficient quantity of biscuit, pork, beef, and fish, pease and pearl barley for soup, with a cask of molasses to sweeten a decoction usually made of shrubs, or of the tops of the hemlock-tree, and taken as tea. Two or three yokes of oxen, with sufficient hay to feed them, are also required to haul the timber out of the woods. When thus prepared, these people proceed up the rivers, with the provisions, &c., to the place fixed on for their winter establishment, which is selected as near a stream of water as possible. They commence by clearing away a few of the surrounding trees, and building a shanty, or camp, of round logs, the walls of which are seldom more than four or five feet high, the roof covered with birch bark, or boards. A pit is dug under the camp to preserve any thing liable to injury from the frost. The fire is either in the middle, or at one end; the smoke goes out through the roof; hay, straw, or fir branches, are spread across, or along the whole length of this habitation, on which they all lie down together at night to sleep, with their feet next the fire. When the fire gets low, he who first awakes or feels cold springs up, and throws on five or six billets, and in this way they manage to have a large fire all night. One person is hired as cook, whose duty it is to have breakfast ready before day-light, at which time all the party rise, when each takes his "morning," or the indispensable dram of raw spirits, immediately before breakfast. This meal con-

sists of bread, or occasionally potatoes, with boiled beef, pork, or fish, and tea sweetened with molasses; dinner is usually the same, with pease soup in place of tea; and the supper resembles breakfast. These men are enormous eaters, and they also drink great quantities of rum, which they scarcely ever dilute. Immediately after breakfast, they divide into three gangs, one of which cuts down the trees, another hews them, and the third is employed with the oxen in hauling the timber either to one general road leading to the banks of the nearest stream, or at once to the stream itself; fallen trees, and other impediments in the way of the oxen, are cut away with the axe. The whole winter is thus spent in unremitting labour. The snow covers the ground from two to three feet from the setting in of winter until April, and, in the middle of fir forests, often till the middle of May. When the snow begins to dissolve in April, the rivers swell, or, according to the lumberer's phrase, the "freshets come down!" At this time, all the timber cut during winter is thrown into the water, and floated down until the river becomes sufficiently wide to make the whole into one or more rafts. The construction of the vast masses of timber floated down the St Lawrence, and other great rivers of America, is nearly on all occasions similar, but bound proportionally stronger together as the rafts increase in size. The raftsmen commence by floating twenty or more pieces of timber alongside each other, with the ends to form the fore-part of the raft brought in a line, and then bound close together by logs placed across these, and by binding one log to another with poles fastened down by withes plunged firmly into holes bored in the logs for the purpose. The size of the raft is increased in this manner by adding pieces of timber, one after another, with their unequal lengths crossing the joints, until the whole lot of timber to be rafted is joined together in one flat mass on the river. The water at this period is exceedingly cold, yet, for weeks together, the lumberers are in it from morning till night, and it is seldom less than a month and a half, from the time that floating the timber down the stream commences, until the rafts are delivered to the merchants. No course of life can undermine the constitution more than that of lumberer and raftsmen. The winter, snow, and frost, although severe, are nothing to endure in comparison to the extreme coldness of the snow-water of the freshets, in which the lumberer is, day after day, wet up to the middle, and often immersed from head to foot. The very vitals are thus chilled and sapped; the intense heat of the summer sun, a transition which almost immediately follows, must further weaken and reduce the whole frame, and premature old age is the inevitable fate of a lumberer. But notwithstanding all the toils of such a pursuit, those who once adopt the life of a lumberer prefer it to any other. They are in a great measure as independent, in their own way, as the Indians. After selling and delivering up their rafts, they pass some weeks in idle indulgence, drinking, smoking, and dashing off in a long coat, flashy waistcoat and trousers, Wellington or Hessian boots, a handkerchief of many colours round the neck, a watch with a long tinsel chain and numberless brass seals, and an umbrella. Before winter, they return again to the woods, and resume the laborious pursuits of the preceding year. The great number of the lumberers and raftsmen in Canada and New Brunswick are from the United States. Many young men of steady habits in our colonies are in the habit of joining the lumbering parties for two or three years, for the express purpose of making money; and, after saving their earnings, purchase or receive grants of land, on which they live very comfortably, cultivating the soil, and occasionally cutting down the timber trees on their lands for market.—*McGregor's British America.*

MY SISTER KATE: A MORAL TALE.

There is a low road (but it is not much frequented, for it is terribly round about) that passes at the foot of the range of hills that skirt the long and beautiful gut or Firth of the Clyde, in the west of Scotland; and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or firth is almost at your very side, the hills rising above you; and you are just opposite to the great black and blue mountains on the other side of the gut, that sweep in heavy masses, or jut out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyleshire.

You may think of the scene what you please, because steam-boating has, of late years, profaned it somewhat into commonness, and defiled its pure air with filthy puffs of coal smoke; and because the Comet and all her unfortunate passengers were sunk to the bottom of this very part of the Firth; and because, a little time previous, a whole boatful of poor highland reaper girls were also run down in the night-time, while they were asleep, and drowned near the Clough lighthouse hard by; but if you were to walk this road by the seaside any summer afternoon, going towards the bathing village of Gourrock, you would say, as you looked across to the highlands, and up the Clyde, towards the rock of Dumbarton castle, that there are few scenes more truly magnificent and interesting.

There is a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the Firth, which is called Dunoon, and contains the burying place of the great House of Argyle; and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and cowering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the great blue hills frowning behind, looks, from across the Firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of romance.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the Firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up, there stand, or stood, two or three

* For the facts in the above paper, my authority is "Halls Geography, Popular and Scientific"—a work I cannot sufficiently commend for the accuracy and comprehensiveness of its details.

small fishing cottages, which, from the hills nearly over them, looked just like white shells, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green common between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the fishermen had numerous families, who, while young, assisted them in their healthful employment; and that the girls, of which there was a number, were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green mending their father's nets, they would take alarm, and rise and run off like fawns, and hide among the rocks by the sea, or trip back into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottager's daughters, which, for a long period, deranged and almost destroyed the happy equality in which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and inquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of the fisher people and all their neighbours, as far as Gourrock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent well disposed highlandman, from the opposite shore of Argyshire, named Martin M'Leod, and he had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably and even delicately beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought any thing about the beauty of Catherine M'Leod, except it might be some of the growing young men in the neighbouring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister somehow imitated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about among the neighbours what was said and done by "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divertingly at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down "among the brekans on the brae," behind the cottages, or took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough lighthouse at the point. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourrock, or Innerkip, or somewhere not very far distant; and, being a gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out of the way thing that he pleased, he got a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chose of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," as her sister used to tell afterwards, "was perfectly ill, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks; and then he got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking her arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stewart and my lady; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Bailie Macnicol, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, an' lace edging, an' mob caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So, as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin M'Leod, who looked sharply after Kate, behaved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her; and masters being appointed to teach her right things, which the fisher folks never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman, after a time, were actually married in Greenock new church, and set off for London.

During all this time, there were various opinions among the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else (for pretty maidens must always be in love), or, at least, that some of the youths of the neighbourhood were in love with her; but then the old folks said, that love was only for gentle-people who could afford to pay for it; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of printed ballads bought at the Greenock fair, at a half-penny each; and also from the traditional literature of Argyshire, which was couched in the mellifluous numbers of the Gaelic language; but, however this might be, the fame of Catherine M'Leod's happy marriage, and great fortune, was noised abroad, exceedingly, among the fisher people throughout these coasts, as well as about Gourrock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr Pounteney, and that little Kate M'Leod was now Mrs Pounteney, and a great London lady;

but what quality of a gentleman Mr Pounteney really was, was a matter of much controversy and discussion. Some said that he was a great gentleman, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a very great gentleman—some went so far as to say he was a lord or a prince, while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora M'Leod went, but about "my sister Kate;" and she was quite in request everywhere, because she could talk of the romantic history and happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs Pounteney's house in London, therefore, Mrs Pounteney's grand husband, and Mrs Pounteney's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round this romantic sea coast and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people live upon their fish, and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their indolent limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the Firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs Pounteney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher lads in the neighbourhood, fine fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for a fisherman's daughter, but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her great fortune, that vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate's herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful; she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs Pounteney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora M'Leod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get the means of making her proposed pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she, with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one-pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old fashioned Highland brooch, with which the quondam lover of her sister, Allan Cameron, had the temerity to intrust to her, to be specially returned into the hand of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, to get a sight of every thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora M'Leod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid vision, as she was wheeled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and inquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, of dark and dull gentility, to which she was directed; and after much trouble and some expense, at length found the door of her sister's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folk's doors, and almost trembled lest somebody from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

And yet she thought the house was not so dreadfully grand after all—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance.

But she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up the iron knocker, and as it fell the very clang of it, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive impertinent look, then saucily asked what she wanted. Flora curtsied low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs Pounteney.

"And what can you want with Mrs Pounteney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow; for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman,

nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth: at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man looked at her with such suspicion, and spoke so insolent, that she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tiptoe, along a passage, and then up stairs, until she was placed in a little back dressing-room. The servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, extremely elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that need not be described, further than that the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed towards the window, or bent over a little silk netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr Pounteney's eldest sister, a hard-faced, business-like person, who, with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by "the old one," as he was accustomed to call Miss Pounteney, and in a half whisper intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manoeuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam, it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what!"

"No, madam; she wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly."

"Ah, John!" said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pounteney. There is nobody can want me."

"Wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly!" resumed the sister-in-law: "How dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs Pounteney particularly, indeed! who is she, sirrah! Who comes here with such a message, while I am in the house?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate M'Leod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pounteney speak to her. You need not come to me."

"No, madam," said the servant, addressing Miss Pounteney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of the *old one*: "This young person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing-room; pray ma'am, go," he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate.

"Do you come here to give your orders, sirrah?" exclaimed Miss Pounteney, rising like a fury, and kicking the footstool half way across the room, "and to put strange people of your own accord into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of your mistress, and wanting to speak to her directly, and privately, while I am here! I wonder what sister Becky would say, or Mr Pounteney, if he were at home?"

"Who is it, John? Do just bring her here, and put an end to this!" said Kate, imploringly, to the man.

"Madam," said John at last to his trembling mistress, "it is your sister!"

"Who, John!" cried Kate, starting to her feet; "my sister Flora, my own sister, from Clyde side! Speak, John, are you sure?"

"Yes, Madam, your sister from Scotland."

"Oh, where is she, where is she? let me go!"

"No, no; you must be mistaken, John," said the lady with the keys, stepping forward to interrupt the anxious Kate: "John, this is all a mistake," she added, smoothly: "Mrs Pounteney has no sister! John, you may leave the room;" and she gave a determined look to the other sister, who stood astonished.

The moment the servant left the room, Miss Pounteney came forward, and stood in renewed rage over the fragile melancholy Kate, and burst out with "What is this, Kate? Is it really possible, after what you know of my mind, and all our minds, that you have dared to bring your poor relations into my brother's house? That it is not enough that we are to have the disgrace of your mean connections, but we are to have your sisters and brothers to no end coming into the very house, and sending up their beggarly names and designations by the very servants! Kate, I must not permit this. I will not, I shall not!" and she stamped with rage. "Oh, Miss Pounteney," said Kate, with clasped hands, "will you not let me go and see my sister? Will you just let me go and weep on the neck of my poor Flora! I will go to a private place—I will go to another house, if you please; I will do anything when I return to you, if I ever return, for I care not if I never come into this unhappy house more!" and, uttering this, almost with a shriek, she burst past the two women, and ran through the rooms to seek her sister.

Meantime Flora had sat so long waiting, without seeing her sister, that she began to feel intense anxiety; and, fancying her little Kate wished to forget her, because she was poor, had worked herself up into a res-

lution of assumed coldness, when she heard a hurried step, and the door was instantly opened. Kate paused for a moment after her entrance, and stood gazing upon the companion of her youth, with a look of such passionate joy, that Flora's intended coldness was entirely subdued; and the two sisters rushed into each other's arms in all the ecstasy of sisterly love.

"Oh, Flora, Flora! my dear happy Flora!" cried Kate, when she could get words, after the first burst of weeping; "have you really come all the way to London to see me? poor me!" and her tears and sobs were again like to choke her. "Kate, my dear little Kate!" said Flora, "this is not the way I expected to find you. Do not greet so dreadfully; surely you are not happy, Kate!"

"But you are happy, Flora," said Kate, weeping; "and how is my good highland father, and mother, and my brother Daniel? Ah! I think, Flora, your clothes have the very smell of the seashore, and of the bark of the nets, and of the heather hills of Argyllshire. Alas! the happy days you remind me of, Flora."

"And so, Kate, you are not so very happy, after all," said Flora, looking incredulously in her face. "and you are so thin, and pale, and your eyes are so red; and yet you have such a grand house, Kate! Tell me if you are really not happy?"

"I have no house, Flora," said Kate, after a little, "nor, I may say, no husband. They are both completely ruled by his two vixen sisters, who kept house for him before he married me, and still have the entire ascendancy over him. My husband, too, is not naturally good tempered; yet he once loved me, and I might enjoy some little happiness in this new life, if he had the feeling or the spirit to treat me as his wife, and free himself and the house from the dominion of his sisters, especially the eldest. But I believe he is rather disappointed in his ambitious career, and in the hopes he entertained of matches for his sisters, and is somewhat sour and unhappy; and I have to bear it all, for he is afraid of these women; and I, the youngest in the family, and the only one who has a chance of being good tempered, am, on account of my low origin, forced to bear the spleen of all in this unhappy house."

"But, Kate, surely your husband would not behave so bad as to cast up to you that your father was a fisherman, when he took you from the bonnie seashore himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?"

"Alas! he does indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on; and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad, and so heart-broken among them all!"

"Bless me! and can people be really so miserable," said Flora, simply, "who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day they rise?"

"It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London," said Kate mournfully. "As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. O that I were there again!"

"Poor little Kate!" said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; "and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourcock Point? I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron after a'."

"Is Allan Cameron married yet?" said Kate, sadly. "When did ye see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron?"

"Alas! the day!"

"He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate," said Flora, taking the brooch out of her bosom. "I wish he had not given it to me for you, for you're vexed enough already."

"Ah! well you may say I am vexed enough," said she, weeping and contemplating the brooch. "Tell Allan Cameron that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up; but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! I just tell him not to think more of me; for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my own sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones, after my father had taken them out of their own clear water."

"God help you, Kate!" said Flora, rising; "you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bedside, when I get back to the bonnie shore of Argyllshire."

Sad was the parting of the two weeping sisters, and many a kiss of fraternal affection embittered, yet sweetened, the hour; and anxious was Flora McLeod to turn her back upon the great city of London, and to journey northwards to her own home in Scotland.

It was a little before sundown, on a Saturday evening, shortly after this, that a buzz of steam, let off at the Mid Quay of Greenock, indicated that a steam-boat had come in; and it proved to be from the fair sea-port of Liverpool, having on board Flora McLeod, just down from London. The boat as it passed had been watched by the cottagers where she lived up the Firth; and several of them, their day's work being over, set out towards the Clough to see if there was any chance of meeting Flora.

Many were the congratulations, and more the inquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards with her bundle and her umbrella, weary and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by Clyde side. "Ah, Flora! is this you?" cried the whole at once; "and are you really here again—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London? and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place?"

With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher people in the West of Scotland. But it was observed that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighbourhood.

It was observed in the hamlet that the unhappy Mrs Pountney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head; the ambition of the girls to get gentlemen seemed quite extinguished; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own in humble and pious contentment.—From the "Dominie's Legacy," a series of Tales, in three volumes, illustrative of Scottish Life.

Column for Housewives.

Choice Receipts for Plain Cookery, selected from *The Cook and Housewife's Manual*, by MRS MARGARET DODS.

TO BOIL A ROUND OF BEEF.

A ROUND or buttock of salted beef may either be boiled whole, divided into two, or cut into three pieces, according to the size of the meat, and the number of the guests or family. It is a common error of vanity to boil too much of a ham or round at once. If boiled whole, the bone may be cut out; if divided, it is desirable to give each piece an equal proportion of the fat. Wash the meat, and, if over salt, soak it in one or more waters till it is sufficiently softened or freshened. Skewer it up tightly, and of a good shape, wrapping the flap or tongue piece very firmly round. Bind it with broad strong tape, or fillets of linen. The pot should be roomy, and the water must fully cover the meat. A fish drainer is convenient to boil this and other large pieces of meat on. Heat very gradually: take off the scum, of which a great deal will be thrown up, till no more rises, and throw in some cold water to refine the liquor, if needful; cover the pot close, and boil slowly, but at an equal temperature, allowing about three hours to from 12 to 16 pounds, and from that to four or five hours for a weightier piece. Turn the meat once or twice during the process. Put in the carrot and turnip about two hours after the meat. If the liquor is to be afterwards used for soup, these roots, instead of hurting, will improve the flavour. Greens may be either boiled in the same pot, or better separately in some of the pot liquor. When the meat is dished, take off with a clean sponge, or a cloth moistened in the pot liquor, any scum or films which, in spite of the most careful skimming, will often hang about salted meat; garnish with large sliced carrots (or with greens or carrots instead), and serve washed turnip and greens in separate dishes. The meat must be cut in smooth, thin, horizontal slices, keeping the surface level. The soft fat eats best when the meat is warm, the firm fat when it is cold. By good management, the meat will, in cold weather, keep for a fortnight or more.

TO ROAST A LEG OF MUTTON.

Mutton intended to be roasted may be kept longer than mutton for boiling, as the colour is of less importance. Cut out the pipe that runs along the backbone, which taints so early; wipe off the moistness that gathers on the surface, and in the folds and doublings of the meat, and below the flap. This and every other piece of meat may be lightly dusted with flour, or with pepper or pounded ginger, which, by excluding the external air and keeping off flies, helps to preserve the meat, and can be taken off in the washing previous to roasting. A leg, a chine, a saddle, a loin, a breast, a shoulder, and the haunch, or gigot, are the roasting pieces of mutton. Joint the roast well, whatever be the piece. Most of the loose fat should be cut from the loin, which may be stuffed, and must be peppered at first to preserve the kidney-fat. This roast requires a rather quick fire to concentrate its juices. A juicy leg of mutton requires no sauce save its own gravy.

TO ROAST TURKEY, FOWLS, OR GAME.

A turkey will keep a fortnight, a fowl a week. By care they will keep much longer; that is to say, if drawn, hung in a cool dry air, wiped often, and seasoned with pepper in the inside. The sinews of the legs must be drawn (those of fowls should all be drawn, especially when the birds are old); press down the breast-bone even more than in a fowl, to make the bird look plump; be careful, in drawing, to preserve the liver whole, and not to break the gall-bag. For stuffing to fill the craw, take a breakfast cup full of stale bread finely grated, two ounces of minced beef meat, or marrow, a little parsley parboiled and finely shred, a tea-spoonful of lemon peel grated, a few sprigs of lemon thyme, a little nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Mix the whole well in a mortar, with a couple of eggs. Do not stuff too full; and with another egg work up what remains into balls, to be fried and served with the turkey. Paper the breast. Score the gizzard. Season it highly with pepper, salt, and cayenne, and drop in melted butter, and then bread-crumbs. A very large turkey will take nearly as long to roast as a sirloin. These are not the most delicate. A moderate-sized turkey will take from an hour and a half to two hours. The fire must be clear and sharp; dredge with flour when laid down. Fresh butter is always best for basting. Keep the turkey far from the fire at first, that the stuffing and breast may be done through. Hen turkeys are the most delicate, and the whitest; they are consequently preferred for boiling.

TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON WITH TURNIP, &c.

A leg of mutton—the gigot of the French and Scottish kitchen—may be kept from two days to a week before boiling. The pipe, as it is technically called, must be cut out, and the moistness which gathers on the surface, and the folds and soft places rubbed off occasionally. It is whitest when quite fresh, but most delicate when hung a few days in the larder, though not so long as to allow the juices to thicken, and the flavour to deteriorate. Hill wether mutton from four to seven years old is far the best, whether for boiling or roasting. Choose it short in the shank, thick in the thigh, and of a pure, healthy brownish red. Chop but a very small bit off the shank; if too much is taken off, the juices will be drained by this conduit in the boiling. If you wish to whiten the meat, blanch it for ten minutes in warm water. Boil in an oval-shaped or roomy kettle, letting the water come very slowly to boil. Skim carefully. Boil carrots and turnip with the mutton, and the younger and more juicy they

are the better they suit this joint. Be sure never to run a fork or any thing sharp into the meat, which would drain its juices. All meat ought to be well done, but a leg of mutton rather under than over, to look plump and retain its juices. About two hours of slow boiling will dress it. Garnish with slices of carrot. Pour caper-sauce over the meat, and serve washed turnip or cauliflower in a separate dish. To make the caper-sauce, take two table-spoonfuls of capers and a little vinegar. Mince the one-half and stew the whole of them into a half-pint of melted butter, or of strong thickened gravy. To prevent the butter from oiling, stew the sauce for some time.

TO BOIL POULTRY.

Be careful, in picking, not to break the skin. Let the fowls hang from two to five days; for the most delicate fowl will be tough and thready if too soon dressed. When to be used, draw, singe without blackening, and wash thoroughly, passing a stream of water again and again through the inside. Boiled fowls must be very neatly trussed, as they have small and firm sinews. Put them on with plenty of water, a little warmed. Having, as usual, skimmed very carefully, simmer by the side of the fire from twenty-five minutes to an hour, according to the age and size of the fowl.

TO BROIL BEEF STEAKS.

In England, the best steaks are cut from the middle of the rump. In Ireland, Scotland, and France, steaks which are thought more delicate are often cut, like chops, from the sirloin or spare rib, trimming off the superfluous fat, and chopping away the bone. This is the piece of meat usually cut into steaks in the shops of Edinburgh and Glasgow, rump beef being used for minced collops, sausages, &c. Beef for steaks must be killed for from three to five days, or more, to eat tender, but it does not require to be kept so long as a large piece to be roasted. Cut the steaks of equal thickness (about three quarters of an inch); beat them out to a level, though much beating is not recommended, as it expresses the juices from the meat. Let them be from three to four inches in breadth, and from four to six in length. Sirloin steaks shape themselves. When the gridiron is hot, rub the bars with suet, sprinkle a little salt over the fire [which ought to be very clear], and lay on the steaks. Turn them frequently, to do them equally and keep in the juices. When the fat blazes and smokes very much, quickly remove the gridiron for a second, till the blaze is past. From ten to twelve minutes will do a steak. Have a hot dish, rubbed with eschalot, placed by the side or over the fire, on the edge of the gridiron. When turning the steaks, if there be on the top any gravy that would fall on turning, drop it quickly into this dish to preserve it. Steaks are generally preferred underdone. Sprinkle them with a little salt just before they are dished in the hot dish. Turn the steaks over once or twice in the dish to express the gravy. Those who enjoy a well-dressed beef-steak discard all sauces save the native juice of the meat.—Beef-steaks ought not to be prepared till the moment they are to be eaten.

MOCK TURKLE SOUP.

Procure the head of a middle-sized well fed cow calf, with the skin on; scale it; split and take out the brains and the gristles and bones of the nose; blanch it well in several waters, to draw out the slime and blood. Place it in a stew-pan, and cover it with cold water; boil it, and skim without intermission while any scum continues to rise. When the head has boiled gently for three quarters of an hour, take it out, and, as soon as cold enough to cut, carve it into small neat pieces, in the shape of diamonds, dice, triangles, &c. Peel the tongue, and cut it into cubes of an inch thick. Meanwhile, put the broken bones and trimmings of the head into your stock-pot, with a large knuckle of veal well broken, and three or four pounds of a shin of beef well soaked. Let this boil very slowly, having carefully skimmed it, for at least four hours, and take care it does not stick to the bottom of the pot; then strain for future use, and lay aside a quart of this stock for gravy. Thus much may be done the evening before the soup is wanted. When the soup is to be made, take off the cake of fat which will be formed on the top, and put the stock, holding back the sediment, into a large stew-pan. If the stock is good it will be a jelly, or nearly so. When it is again skimmed, put to it a dozen onions sliced, and browned in the frying pan, with a half-dozen sprigs of fresh mild sage, also chopped and fried. Thicken the soup with butter kneaded in browned flour; and season highly with ground black and Jamaica pepper, a little cayenne, two blades of mace, an eschalot, four leaves of fresh basil, and the parings of one large and two small lemons. When the soup is strong and well coloured, strain it through a hair sieve very gently into a fresh stew-pan, and put the hash of the head to it. Add wine when it is nearly finished in the proportion of a half glassful to the quart. Madeira or sherry are the wines commonly employed. When to be dished, slip in two dozen of small force-meat balls, made of veal or veal kidney, minced parsley and crumbs; also hard boiled yolks of eggs, or egg balls, and the juice of two lemons squeezed through a strainer.

TO FRY HADDOCKS AND OTHER FISH.

The following is an excellent mode of preparing fish. Clean and skin the haddocks. If they be too large, cut them in two or three pieces, or split them, or slit the backs. When the fish are dried, rub them with flour, and, if to be higher dressed, rub off the flour, and with a paste-brush wash them over with beat egg; stew finely grated crumbs over them, and fry in a deep pan in plenty of clarified dripping or lard, heated to such a degree that it may neither scorch the fish, nor yet stew them. Turn and lift them carefully, and keep them hot by the fire, on a sieve and paper, to absorb the fat, till the whole are finished. The bone may be cut out, particularly in large fish. [I think it is always an improvement.] The same fat will fry more than once, if strained.

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